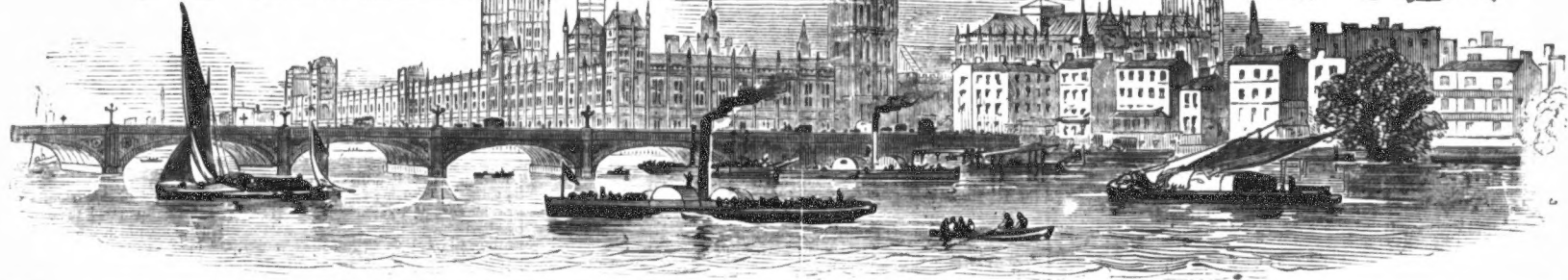


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PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.



SCENE FROM THE DRAMA OF "POUL-A-DHOIL" AT THE BRITANNIA THEATRE. (See page 298.)

Notes of the Week.

DR. LANKSTER held an inquest on Saturday at the Clerkwell workhouse, on the body of Edward Hale, aged fifty-eight, of No. 19, Little Warner-street. The deceased was found lying dead in his bed several days after his death. The nephew of the deceased, Thomas Gates, deposed that he last saw his uncle on the 16th ult., when he complained of the gout, and was very low-spirited. On the Thursday witness was told by Mrs. Watts, sister of the deceased, that his uncle was not to be found. He proceeded to the house in Little Warner-street, and found the door locked, and the key inside. He immediately fetched a constable and broke open the door, and found the deceased lying on his right side. He believed that it had died a violent death, and was by his own hands. Deceased had been in very low spirits lately, and had taken to drinking. It appeared that the deceased must have cut his throat, got into bed, and covered himself carefully up. The body was much decomposed. The coroner said the case was a most remarkable one; but, looking at the whole of the facts, he did not think they could return any other verdict than that the deceased committed suicide whilst in an unsound state of mind. A verdict was returned accordingly.

An inquest was held at Bromston on Saturday on the body of Mrs. Ann White, aged seventy-six residing in Chapel-place. The deceased was a widow lady, under the care of a nurse, and on the previous Wednesday night she left her sleeping apartment and wandered about the upper part of the house, as she had done before. On the Thursday morning a young man heard a heavy fall, and when he looked into the street he saw the deceased lying on the pavement. A surgeon was called in, but the deceased, who had sustained a dislocation of the spinal column, expired in half an hour afterwards. The deceased had walked out of one of the windows on the second floor, as the floor joists were found removed, and the window wide open. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

An atrocious offence was committed on Sunday morning on the railway near to Wolverhampton. On the south side of the Great Western Railway Station near to that town, the systems of the Great Western and the West Midland railroads, and there are the customary junction signals; one set of them work from a signal box, the occupant of which through the intervening of a bridge cannot at all times see the lights and the arms respectively. At a certain time, between two and four in the morning, two trains pass the junction in opposite directions at nearly the same time, but are prevented from colliding by the signals of one or other of the lines being kept up at danger. On Sunday morning the Great Western train found the signal by which it was regulated down, and the driver therefore brought his train on; but he perceived that the West Midland signal was down also. On passing the box of the signalman he called his attention to the subject. The signalman then found that he could not work the levers of the signals in question; on examination he discovered that some one had, by operating upon the lamps without entering the signalman's box, put the signals of both lines at safety; and to keep them in that position had so hung the weights at the base of the signal posts that the levers could not be worked in the box. Suspicion rests upon a discharged servant.

On Monday, Dr. Lankster resumed an adjourned inquiry respecting the death of a young single woman named Caroline Miller, who, it may be remembered, was found dead in her bed in a lodging-house at 24, Little Drummond-street, St. Pancras. From certain documents found in her possession, and particularly a letter, in which she upbraided a Mr. Mill, a tradesman in Westminster, in whose service she had been, of having been instrumental in the trouble which had come to her, she had either taken poison, it was believed, or had it administered to her. The coroner said one of the grounds of their adjournment was to ascertain if she was envious. Although the letter had proved not to be the case, still there was evidence that she had had children. Dr. George Harley, having been sworn, said that on the 30th of September last he received three jars, containing portions of deceased's lungs, liver, heart, &c. It was his opinion that she had died from asphyxia brought on by a gradual failure of the heart's action, that in fact being brought on by worry and anxiety of mind. Mr. Mill was here called: He said he had known deceased four or five years. She had had two children by him, but they were both stillborn. They had no desire that she should go away, and when he talked about doing so, his wife told her not to be foolish. She asked him for some money to go to Manchester, where she had some friends, and he gave it her, thinking she was only going away for a few days. She was very strange at times, and some of his friends would say that she was fit for a machine. Mrs. Ann's Mill, a wife of the last witness, said she last saw deceased the Saturday night before her death, and had known her for some time. He did not think that she should go away. On the contrary, she treated her as a companion. He did not think that she had lived with her husband in a domestic way, and only considered her as her husband's friend. She was in the habit of drinking, and frequently said she would go mad, or die in a fit. When she went away, he said she was going to see some friends at Manchester, and when he heard where she was she went at once to fetch her money, and having done so, she was dead. The coroner said this singular part of the case was, that the deceased should have threatened to commit suicide. The impression conveyed by the letter was that she had been treated. After the evidence, however, there could be no doubt that the deceased had not taken any poison. The jury ultimately returned a verdict, "that the deceased Caroline Miller was found dead, and that death arose from natural causes."

SHOCKING ACCIDENT TO A SCHOOL BOY.—On Monday an inquest was held at City Hospital, on the body of Charles William Palmer, aged twelve years. Leah Palmer, the mother of the deceased, who is a basket-maker, residing at 23, Kent-street, said the boy left home at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 6th inst., to go to the parochial school of the Trinity district of St. Mary, Newington. On that afternoon about four o'clock she heard her child was at the hospital, when he stated that the master had sent boys to climb out the chimney. After having done so, they were about getting down, when one of the boys for a moment removed the step-ladder into the school-room. He (the boy) in trying to get down slipped and fell on some spikes. He lay down, and the boy rushed to, was examined, and passed to the school of the Trinity district, and appeared deeply to be the result of his having removed the step-ladder. Mr. O. P. Duke, house surgeon, said that the deceased received a very severe wound in the neck, which caused internal bleeding and inflammation of the brain, from which he died on the 15th inst. Eventually a verdict of death by accident was returned.

ALARMING ACCIDENT AT THE LICK RACES.—On Monday afternoon, about ten minutes past six, on the occasion of the first race, and while the people were getting on the grand stand, a noise was heard and all of a sudden the greater part of the edifice came down with a tremendous crash, carrying with it a number of good men, and burying in the ruins several ladies who were having refreshment in the enclosure below. It was a very terrible accident. Mr. Weston, of the Talbot Hotel, Lick, who gentlemanly and hospitable to all, and whose house was a very popular resort, was out after some little trouble. A large quantity of property, &c., were destroyed. Mr. H. ...

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The following details relating to a murder committed in the neighbourhood of Paris are given by the *Siecle*:—"A foreigner of distinction, enjoying a pension from the British Government, but of French extraction, M. Thomas Lavergne, ex-commissary and civil officer of the Mauritius, has just been assassinated near Argenteuil. M. Lavergne, who was returning to the Mauritius, arrived from London at one o'clock on Thursday morning, his intention being to embark at Marseilles in the next packet. At the departure of the train from London, M. Lavergne had found, in the same carriage with himself, an individual who cultivated his acquaintance during the journey, and who came to visit him at his hotel in Paris, at about three o'clock in the afternoon of the day of their arrival. He was then seen to go out with the stranger, and three hours after his corpse, horribly mutilated, and completely denuded, was found near the mill of Argenteuil. Although seventy-eight years old, M. Lavergne was endowed with great muscular strength, and the struggle with the murderer must have been terrible. He had received three deep wounds in the throat, one of which nearly severed the head from the body; his hand was literally hacked to pieces, and many of the fingers entirely cut off. An investigation has been commenced."

The frigates *Eldorado*, *Gomer*, *Magador*, and *Labrador*, are being fitted out to proceed to Olinda, Brazil, where they will meet on the 1st November in order to embark 3,700 French troops, infantry and cavalry.

SPAIN.

A Madrid letter of the 10th inst., that as soon as the Queen learned that the capital was menaced by the cholera, she expressed a determination to return to the palace at Madrid. "It is believed, however, that the ministers, who all arrived here this morning, will exert all their influence to induce her Majesty to depart from her generous determination. This would be the first time that the Queen was at Madrid in the midst of dangerous epidemics; but at the present day, the state of her Majesty having been officially declared, one might almost venture to say that a regard for her own safety is not the only consideration which would induce her to remain with her children at La Granja until such time as a residence in the capital should not present any sort of danger. There is no doubt that the 70,000 persons who, flying from places infected, or supposed to be so, have taken refuge in Madrid, have brought with them the germs of the malady, and amongst them also have been found the first victims. The authorities have taken in advance all the necessary precautions to combat the epidemic immediately on its appearance. The barracks and colonies have been relieved of a portion of their dense population, and populous localities have been prepared with medical posts in different quarters of the city. The ministers of the interior and of war, the Duke de Sexto, civil governor, the members of the medical body and of the clergy, those of the provincial deputations and of the municipality, have followed the example of self-sacrifice given by the President of the Council, and have visited the hospitals. The sisters of charity have offered the succour of their young novices in cases where their own number should prove insufficient. By virtue of all these measures hopes are entertained of mastering the pestilence."

AMERICA.

The President, without yet declaring a general amnesty, has adopted a system of pardoning which very closely approaches it. He now grants pardons to the Southern people at the rate of 300 or 400 a day, and though he has not yet pardoned any of the military officers, he has given orders that no one unpardoned is to be molested. A facsimile of his signature has been engraved, and is affixed to the pardon blanks by clerks. Very little examination is now made into the character of the applicant, and the mere presentation of an humble petition seems sufficient to secure a pardon. The pardon carries with it immunity from confiscation. All estates are restored to their owners upon the exhibition of the pardon, and in Richmond, where nearly every man's property has been seized, the rejection at the President's saddle and most agreeable change of demerol is very great. The Missouri courts are now kept busy in restoring confiscated property to the owners.

Petitions for the pardon of Jefferson Davis are sent to the President from all parts of the South. Every Southern Convention has asked that clemency be extended towards him. In some places, however, the military authorities are not pleased at these exhibitions of friendliness for the great captive, and at Lynchburg, Virginia, the commanding officer recently dispersed a meeting that had assembled to petition for his release. The expressions of feeling all over the South show the sincerest sorrow for Mr. Davis's misfortunes.

General Lee has quietly begun his duties as President of Washington College at Lexington, Virginia, although he will not be formally installed until October next.

Some sensation has been created in America by the publication of a long article in *Harper's Magazine* by Colonel Jordan, some time Beauregard's chief of staff, on Jefferson Davis, and his career as President of the Confederate States. It is a full revelation of what we had from an authentic source, of what passed behind the scenes, and during the halcyon days of the Confederacy; and the picture drawn of Jefferson will not be uninteresting to our readers. He is represented as having to the last moment of the downfall of the Confederacy, owing to his anxiety to end the incessant interference with his military operations, with the civil authorities, and to secure all his official appointments, and to secure a peace, who had been for many years in civil life, and who had the reputation among his neighbors of being slightly mad, a comicality-general, and a person in that position during the whole war, in spite of his proved incompetency, solely because he had been a surgeon in the same regiment with himself in early life, and he had rendered him some service. He is charged with having appointed and displaced the highest generals in the service except Lee, whose appointment was too great to know him to be a man of red with, from motives of personal liking or disliking. He is charged, it is said, and overruled campaigns in Richmond, and was personally responsible for some of the most momentous disasters of the war, such as Hood's expedition to Tennessee; and he is declared to have been opinionated to a degree that placed him beyond the reach of either advice or remonstrance. All the military and civil chiefs of the Confederacy, except Davis, were, Colonel Jordan says, sensible long before the war closed, that the cause was lost. But Davis refused to see it, and went on brazen his edicts and maxims as if he had still a empire at his back.

The *New York Herald*, in a leading article on the Monroe doctrine, says:—

"The ideas we have put forward in regard to an international congress to settle the vexed questions which perplex both continents are beginning to attract that attention in Europe which the importance of the subject deserves. European statesmen are commencing to understand that the solution of the Mexican difficulty is only postponed. They see in the tone of American journals, in the temper of the American people, and in the reply of President Johnson to the Brazilian minister and others, undoubted evidences of the vitality of the Monroe doctrine, and they look forward with anxiety to the period when it shall be practically enforced. We have already in mind the profits that the forthcoming message of the President will make the most emphatic ground in regard to this subject, and we are sure that it will probably force an immediate decision on the part of the European powers. President Johnson, we think, will make a point of the Emperor of

Mexico, and he will insist that the impostor who calls himself by that name shall either withdraw voluntarily from the country, whose Government he has usurped, or be compelled to withdraw as speedily as veterans can make him."

The *Herald* then becomes very warlike on the topic of the resources of the United States, and concludes as follows:—

"The Government respects the will of the people, and obeys it when it is right; but not even in regard to the Mexican question, where the people are clearly correct in their views, will it sacrifice one iota of its dignity by undue haste, or one tithe of its claim to civilized humanity by engaging in a war before it has given its opponents every chance to settle the difficulty peacefully and satisfactorily. But while we press our ideas of an international congress upon the consideration of European statesmen, we take occasion to warn them that our patience may be taxed too long and too far; that we are perfectly prepared for war as well as for peace; and that in any event, by diplomatic means, or by the stern methods of a general conflict, the Monroe doctrine must and shall be enforced, and Maximilian must and shall relinquish his illegitimate throne in Mexico."

THE LATE AND THE PRESENT PRESIDENT.

The following is from a New York letter:—"Mr. Johnson's character differs from that of his predecessor in as great a degree as the two Presidents differed in personal experience, and in his habits he is quite a dissimiler. Mr. Lincoln openly admitted that he was controlled by events; Mr. Johnson endeavours to control events. Mr. Lincoln always sought the opinions of the friends and opponents of a particular line of policy before venturing to make an experiment. Mr. Johnson acts without consulting the views of other people; as an instance in point, I may say that his order to General Sherman, commanding in Mississippi, instructing him not to interfere with the work of reorganizing the militia, was sent off without the knowledge of any Cabinet Minister, although it was a direct rebuke to Stanton. Mr. Lincoln habitually illustrated political positions by short and sometimes peculiar stories; Mr. Johnson never resorts to anecdote as a means of quickening comprehension. Mr. Lincoln invariably addressed his associates in a familiar manner, rarely prefixing the title 'Mister' to the names of persons with whom he maintained intimate relations; and even casual acquaintances were saluted as 'Brown,' 'Jones,' or 'Robinson,' as the case might be. Mr. Johnson is remarkable for his notions of etiquette and dignity in his intercourse with the sovereign people. When Mr. Lincoln received a friend or acquaintance, he invariably assumed an attitude which—if carelessness be grace—was certainly very graceful; one knee was thrown over the other, one hand continually crossing the uppermost limb, and one substantial foot swung backward and forward like the pendulum of a clock, while the whole upper portion of the body swayed to and fro with mathematical regularity. Mr. Johnson, during an interview with any member of his vast constituency, sits bolt upright, both feet firmly planted upon the floor, the hands generally in an easy position, but motionless, saving upon those occasions when he becomes very much interested in the topic of discussion, when he sometimes plays with a pen or paper-holder, or drums upon his chair on the table. The President is also marked in conversation by a peculiarity noticed in James Buchanan,—a fluctuation of the head towards the left shoulder. Mr. Lincoln's language was sometimes emphatic and sometimes peculiar, but his gestures, either in a public speech, or in more private discourse, were few. Mr. Johnson's language is frequently, not only emphatic, but quite unvarnished, and he occasionally marks some strong 'point' by a heavy thump with his clenched fist upon a convenient table or stump upon the floor. Certainly Andrew Johnson has, by his various actions, completely upset all our preconceived notions of his character and probable policy. No one now attempts to call him a 'drunken bear' or a 'swinish tailor'; although, to be sure, the Radicals begin to splutter out 'Demagogue.'

THE GAMBLING MANIA.

A BADEN-BADEN correspondent of the *Daily News* relates the following anecdote:—

"Not many years ago, a gentleman, whose prospects were brighter than his possessions were large, and whose family were too numerous to be adequately reared and educated on either, left England and took a house at a German watering-place. He did not purposely choose one which contained a gaming house, but did so for the sole reason of its being a town in which both provisions and house-rent were very moderate in price. He knew nothing of gaming, having never staked a coin in his life. Like his neighbours, he entered the rooms in order to see what they were like, and to witness the infatuated gamblers. A judicious and experienced friend warned him against being anything but a disinterested spectator. The advice he took in good part, but considered it as superfluous. But for him, as for most men, from Adam downwards, temptation frequently renewed proves to be the long run quite irresistible. He succumbed, and became a constant frequenter of the rooms. He renewed warnings against allowing himself to be led away by a delusion which might become his ruin he turned a deaf ear. He could afford to laugh to scorn the counsels of prudence, seeing that every evening he returned homewards a richer man than when he entered the room in the morning. He was sensible enough to invest the greater portion of his winnings in furniture for a house he proposed to occupy on returning to England. One day the friend who had advised him not to play at all, came and begged him to stun the greivous tables for that day at least. The reason given was that he had dreamt that the fortune gamster had lost heavily, and so to do an impression had the dream come on him that he put himself to personal inconvenience in order to prefer his request. It need not be said that the warning produced hardly any impression. Again did the gamster return to the table and again did he leave it a winner. However, he succumbed to his friend's urgent request to dine with him and spend the evening together. When they were about to part company it was night, and the gaming-house would soon be closed. The desire to add a little more to his hoard proved too strong for the fortunate gamster, and he went to the rooms with the intention of leaving them very soon. He remained there till he had verified the dream of his friend. Paris was in gaming; he was again favoured by fortune. But for a second time the tide turned. He lost in addition to everything he had won much more than he could afford to part with. His sojourn on the Continent entailed the sacrifice of a great portion of his fortune. He returned to England; but instead of sagely reflecting to profit by the lesson, he fell into the hope of reversing the course of his reverses and having it a conquest."

DEATH OF A VETERAN.—The *Moniteur de l'Armee* announces the death of Colonel Andrew Kennedy, Commander of the Legion of Honour, at Landerneau, where he fixed his residence when he retired from the service. Colonel Kennedy was appointed to the command of the 83rd Regiment of the line in 1860, and was indebted for his elevation solely to his own merit. Born at Kilcock, in the county of Kildare, in Ireland, in 1804, he entered the Regiment of Hohenlohe as a private in 1816. He made four campaigns in the Morea and fourteen in Algeria. He particularly distinguished himself in the expedition against Kefylla in 1857, under Marshal Randon.

A FIRST-RATE WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for 2s. 6d.), with Writing Paper, Envelope, Pencil, and Pen, Bound in Leather. Also, **THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDALS** given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its ability. Despatched by post, and a 1000 copies of each edition available. To be had of PEARSONS and SONS, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

General News.

THERE are now fifty post towns to which mails are sent from London by the early morning train; 183 towns to which day mails are sent, and which reach in time for a letter delivered the same day; fifty towns which receive a late day mail in time for a window delivery; ninety-one towns which have a mail communication with London three times daily; fifteen which have four such communications; five which have five communications; and two which have six communications; 396 post towns send day mails to London.

A GENTLEMAN, who will not allow his name to transpire, has sent a donation of £105 to the Orphan Working School, Haverstock-hill, in token of his approval of the action of the committee in receiving forty orphans instead of thirty-five at the present election, and of their intention to receive eighty annually in future. Such help is greatly needed.

A CATTLE drover, named John Barrett, residing at Todmorden, has met his death by leaping from a train in motion on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. The deceased entered the train in a state of intoxication, and fell asleep. On awaking, he found the train had passed the station at which he desired to stop, and, although travelling at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, he leaped from the carriage, and, falling down a steep embankment, was fatally injured.

We understand that Mr. Dickens, a son of the celebrated novelist, has been appointed to succeed Mr. E. O. Wilkinson as associate to his Honour Mr. Justice Barry.—*Meibourne Argus*

AFTER a long diplomatic residence in Rome, where he arrived while the war between the Northern and Southern States of America was at its height, Monsignor Lynch, Roman Catholic Bishop of Charleston, has taken his departure for his diocese. The bishop's return is accomplished at the express desire of President Johnson, who, far from wishing to molest Dr. Lynch for his connexion with the Southern Government, reckons on his zeal for the pacification of spirits and the reparation of the disasters of war in Charleston.

THE Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer, since he left Scotland to attend the funeral of his sister-in-law, has been staying in privacy at Hawarden Castle, Flintshire. Mrs. and Miss Gladstone are staying at Sir Thomas Gladstone's seat, Faeke, Kinross-shire.

THERE is a man two miles and a half below Newburgh, New York, at a place called New Windsor, who was born August 15, 1751. His name is McCormick. He came to this country in 1846 from Ireland, and is now in his 115th year. He was a rebel in 1798 and has two wounds in his leg. He is well and hearty, with the exception of poor eyesight. He has always lived a very temperate life, using no tea, coffee, or tobacco, and drinking very little water, and never any milk.—*New York Paper*.

It is generally understood that the new parliament will not meet till the third week in January, when the first business will be the election of a Speaker, who, having been presented to the House of Lords on the following day, a week will be allowed for the swearing in of members. The regular business of the session will not, therefore, commence before the usual time. No opposition is expected to the re-election of the late Speaker.

WE (*Galignani*) regret to announce the death, at Nice, after a long and painful illness, of Henri Ernst, the eminent violinist. He was born in 1814, at Brann, in Moravia.

TRAGEDY AT GREAT YARMOUTH.

ON Friday, Hendrick Erenshuisen, 20 years of age, was brought before the Yarmouth magistrates, charged with the murder of Albert Hinman, aged twenty-two, at a low house of entertainment called the London Tavern. The prisoner and deceased were respectively ordinary seamen and cook on board the Dutch galliot *Secundus*, and had been on shore enjoying themselves. The captain of the vessel went to the London Tavern and desired the prisoner to go on board, which he refused to do. The cook Hinman remonstrated with him, and endeavoured to induce him to leave and go on board, when Erenshuisen drew a long knife from his belt and stabbed him to the heart. Evidence of the deed was taken, and the prisoner was formally remanded for a week.

A coroner's inquest was also held on the body of the deceased. One of the chief witnesses called was

Henrich R. z. ma, the captain of the vessel, who appeared to be a most unwilling witness, identified the body of the deceased, but denied all knowledge of how he came by his death. He remembered going into a room where there were music and dancing on the previous evening between ten and twelve o'clock. He told the prisoner to go on board, and he refused, and witness took him by the collar. As to what took place after that he doggedly refused to say. He saw Hinman dead, but could not say in what house. Witness was not drunk as far as he knew.

Inspector Berry said the witness was drunk. The jury unanimously considered that the witness was wilfully keeping back the facts, and the coroner at once committed him for contempt of court.

Kren Kirkman, ordinary seaman, was then sworn. He deposed that about half-past six o'clock the previous evening the deceased, the prisoner, and he went to the concert-room of the City of London Tavern, and stayed there during the evening. The captain came in about eight o'clock. About nine o'clock the captain told the prisoner four different times to go on board, and the prisoner said he could not. The prisoner was fresh, but witness and the deceased were sober. Witness then had a glass of beer with the captain. The prisoner and the deceased went out, and he went after them to persuade the prisoner to go on board. He heard and saw no conflict. At the door he stepped over a man who was lying down. He did not know who he was.

Dr. Stafford, who had been making a post-mortem examination of the body, here entered the room, and produced the heart of the deceased, and showed that it had been stabbed completely through the centre. (Sensation.)

Edward Routledge, landlord of the City of London Tavern, said he was in his small bar in his concert-room, about twenty minutes to ten o'clock the previous night. He heard an altercation, and he and his man went forward to quell the disturbance. He found the prisoner and deceased wrestling together. He saw the prisoner put his hand to his side, and then with the same hand suddenly strike the deceased in the breast. The deceased was stooping at the time, and the prisoner struck him an under blow. As soon as deceased was struck he called out, "Oh! oh!" and would have fallen forwards but witness caught him and held him up. Witness also seized the prisoner, and the last witness, Kirkman, tried to get him away. The captain also urged the prisoner to make his escape. Witness let go the deceased and clung to the prisoner and was dragged by him and Kirkman down stairs. He was ultimately handed over to the custody of the police.

The inquiry was then adjourned. The captain promised to attend, and the coroner allowed him to leave.

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's teething, which has been in use in America over thirty years, and very highly recommended by medical men, is now sold in this country, with full directions on each bottle. It is pleasant to take and safe in all cases; it softens the child, and gives it rest; softens the gums, stills all pain, relieves wind in the stomach, and regulates the bowels, and is an excellent remedy for dysentery or diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. The name of "Curis and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. Sold by all chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle. London depot, 25, 5, High Holborn.—*(Advertisement)*

AN IMPOSING CEREMONY—FUNERAL OF A VOLUNTEER.

THE remains of Sergeant Dransfield, R.E., instructor of the 1st Tower Hamlets Engineers, lately killed while instructing his corps, were conveyed to their last resting-place in the Tower Hamlets Cemetery, Bow, on Sunday. On account of the high esteem in which Sergeant Dransfield was held, and in compliance with a very generally expressed wish, the officers in command of the corps to which he was instructor determined that the body should be conveyed to the grave with military honours, so as to afford his comrades the melancholy satisfaction of showing their respect for his memory.

The corps assembled on parade at the Mills Barracks, Globe-street, Mile-end, in full-dress uniform, with their band—the drums muffled. Every member of the corps wore a band of orange on the left arm, midway between the shoulder and the elbow; the grenade on the bosom, and the ornament in front of the cross-belt were also covered with orange. The officers wore a black sash, a band, with a bow of orange, round the bosom, black gloves, and the grenade and sword-knot covered with orange. The arrangements were carried out under the direction of Captain John A. Coffey, commandant, and Captain and Acting Adjutant Thomas H. Comyn.

The remains were conveyed to the grave on a gun-carriage, drawn by four black horses. The plain black coffin bore the inscription, "William Lewis Dransfield. Died October 6th, 1865. Aged 34 years." On being removed from the armory and placed on the carriage, the coffin was covered with a black pall, edged with white; over this was spread the Union Jack.

The regulars were represented at the funeral by detachments of the Royal Engineers quartered at Obatham and Woolwich, under the command of Colonel McLeod, and by the recruiting-staff of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards; the 10th, 14th, 15th, and 19th Hussars; the 12th Lancers, and the 6th Carabiniers. The Mills was represented by the recruiting-staff of the Middlesex Militia.

As might naturally be expected, the volunteer element was very strongly represented, almost every metropolitan corps sending its complement. The 9th Essex were early on the ground, and were followed by the 6th Tower Hamlets, under the command of Captain Munro, numbering nearly 200 men.

The procession having been formed, the cortege wended its way through Peel-grove, Bethnal-green, the Dog-croft, to the Mile-end-gate, thence down the Mile-end-road, and to the cemetery, a distance of nearly three miles. The route was lined by thousands of spectators, and, slow as was the progress of the cortege, it was several times impeded by the difficulty experienced by the police in clearing the way.

On arrival at the cemetery the procession was met by the Rev. G. M. Gill, M.A., of Christ Church, Watney-street, chaplain to the corps who led the way to the grave, not without extreme difficulty, however, on account of the vast assemblage of persons who had taken position from which they evinced no inclination to retire, even to make way for the funeral party, until they were compelled by the police. The body was immediately lowered into the grave, and the near friends and relations of the deceased having alighted from the two mourning coaches which conveyed them to the spot, by dint of hard pushing a small circle was formed, and the Rev. Mr. Gill read the burial service. A military salute was fired by a company of deceased's comrades, and

The Rev. Mr. Gill then delivered a brief exhortation to the assembly. He spoke of the high esteem in which the deceased man was held, and dwelt upon the kindly and generous disposition which was his chief characteristic. He reminded the men that though they were servants of the Queen they were servants of the King of Kings, exhorting them to be good soldiers of his army. The deceased was stricken whilst at the post of duty; and looking at the honour paid that day to the man so stricken, he trusted it would be an incentive to all to do their duty likewise. He trusted that they would take the sad calamity which had overtaken their friend as a warning of that ever-present death from which there was no awakening but in the presence of God. He hoped they would profit by the lesson which such a calamity was calculated to convey, and that it would be a warning to them to be ever prepared for that future which must one day overtake them. He concluded by exhorting them whilst they mourned their friend not to forget the widow.

THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A FOREIGNER IN BLOOMSBURY.

ON Monday afternoon, Dr. Hardwicke, the deputy coroner for Middlesex, resumed the inquiry at the Abchurch Tavern, Red Lion-square, into the cause attending the sudden death of a foreigner named Philip Jacob Miedde.

According to the evidence taken at the first inquiry it appeared that the deceased had been out with some foreigners the greater part of the day on which he died; that he partook of some dinner, and subsequently wine, soon after which he complained of pains in the stomach, and imagined that he had been poisoned. He afterwards died in a cell-house in Orange-street, Red Lion-square. From the sudden nature of the poor man's death, and the expression to which he gave utterance to the effect that he had been poisoned, the coroner adjourned the inquest with the view of giving time for the contents of the stomach to be analysed.

Mr. Carter, from the firm of Mr. Willis, New-lan, was present to watch the case on behalf of the widow of the deceased.

The jury having answered to their names, The waiter at the hotel in Windmill-street, Haymarket, where it was stated deceased and a foreigner had partaken of some wine and brandy, said he recollected the deceased and a foreigner alluded to coming to the hotel on Thursday week, the 5th of October. They asked for a bottle of white wine of good quality. The deceased asked for the water-closet before he partook of the wine. He did not appear to be ill. He went a second time to the water-closet before taking any wine. He afterwards partook of the wine they had called for, but he did not drink quite a glassful. They remained at the hotel about twenty minutes. Witness heard nothing said about changing money, nor did he advise him to change any money. They came to the hotel in a cab.

Dr. Gibbon, the district medical officer of health, stated that he had assisted Dr. Roberts, of Jaany's conduit-street, in making a post-mortem examination; they had analyzed the contents of the stomach and intestines, and had found no trace of poison of any kind. The stomach contained some meat, two-fifths of which consisted of gristle. He could not say that he had formed any opinion as to the cause of death, although it had some the appearance of having been caused by acule. The analysis he had made did not lead him to the belief that death had been caused by acule.

At this stage of the proceedings the Coroner said there was no evidence whatever to suppose the deceased had met his death by poison. Dr. Gibbon had made a careful analysis, which they might rely upon. He had failed to trace any poison, so that all suspicion at first attached to the case fell to the ground. As was stated in evidence, the deceased's stomach was overcharged with gristle, meat, and other things which might have produced the palus and convulsions with which he was attacked. On the whole he (the learned coroner) was of opinion that the evidence showed death to have arisen from natural causes.

The jury consulted together for a few minutes, and returned a verdict accordingly.

THE ABYSSINIAN CAPTIVES.

MRS. STERN has just received the following letter from her unfortunate husband:—

"Amha Magdala, Abyssinia, July 18 1865.

My dear Charles.—As Captain Cameron is sending to assist me, I scribble a line to say that we are still in prison and fetters. We suffered, and that Mr. Russam, her Majesty's agent at Massowah, would, by his friendly and cordial letters to the King, ere this have appeased his offended pride, and obtained our release from these galling chains. Our anticipations have, however, to our grief, not been realized, and we must still for some time be patient and prayerful expectants of coming deliverance. His Majesty, about ten days ago, wrote to Mr. Russam to come to Abyssinia, and his advent and the delivery of the Queen's letter, we believe, will effect our liberation. To-day I have been in chains twenty-one months, and although during that long heart-wasting existence I have had to submit to Spanish torture, and more than once have been obliged to face (apparently) a cruel death, yet I enjoy an infinite satisfaction in the consciousness that by an inflexible Christian firmness I saved others and influential friends to the cause of missions in Abyssinia. His Majesty since our arrival here has not favoured us even with an en passant inquiry. Placed on a level with murderers, robbers, and other great criminals, our days have rolled on in the usual monotony of savage prison life. Within the last few days we have, however, again experienced something of his Majesty's feelings against the white prisoners. The cause of this first outburst of indignation is utterly unconnected with our affairs. On the night of the 1st instant Menelik, the Crown Prince of Shoa, and son-in-law to the Negus Theodore, unexpectedly quitted the royal camp, and accompanied by his followers (but not by his young wife), fled to his own country. The King, irritated at the desertion of another powerful prop to his throne, next morning executed all the Galla prisoners; then quarrelled with the bishop; and at last relieved his chained spirit by giving all his Christian captives, besides foot, head chains also. This act of tormenting (which is ascribed to the wise King of Israel) is a most cruel invention, particularly when, as in our case, the fetters are so short that one is actually bent double, and unable to move about by day or to stretch one's weary limbs by night. There is a report that we are to be released from these abominable ban shackles. I shall be thankful if it prove to be true, as the stooping attitude affects my head and causes great pain to the spine. I intended to continue the narrative of our troubles, but I have not a sufficient quantity of paper.

"We expect messengers with provisions, clothing, paper, &c., from Massowah, and on their return I shall send you a long out very sad letter. God bless you all.

"I am your affectionate husband,

"H. A. STERN.

"Send a copy of this to Mr. Goodhart, as it may stimulate the prayers of friends in our behalf."

GALLANT RESCUE OF A SHIP'S CREW.—A little after six o'clock on Friday, the Coastguardman on the look-out at Dunbar observed a vessel lying among the rocks, near to Whitby Ness, about six miles to the westward of the town, the spot where so many vessels went ashore last year. He immediately gave information to the crew of the life-boat, and in a very short time the whole of the crew were equipped with their jacks, and the boat launched into the harbour. In the meantime, Mr. Morgan, chief constable of the preventive force, had collected all his men and apparatus, and proceeded by land to the scene of the disaster. As soon as the life-boat had got out of the harbour all sails were speedily clipped on, and in a very short time the vessel was reached. As the wind had veered about to the north-east on the previous day, a tremendous sea was running right upon the land, and the vessel was pitching so fearfully that considerable difficulty was experienced in getting the life-boat near it. It was found impossible to get alongside, and when within a proper distance grappling lines were thrown, by which means a communication was opened up, and the shivering crew, five in number, were drawn through the sea on by one into the boat. The vessel turned out to be the Prussian schooner *Patriot*, of Barth, near Stetin, in balla t. F. H. Heilmann, master and owner, bound from Bremen to Leith, and carried five of a crew—four men and a boy. The master reported that they had been out in the North Sea during the whole of the violent storm in the beginning of the week, and had lost every rag of canvas. When they found that they were nearing the shore they had let go both anchors, which, however failed to hold the vessel, and both men had been out away. During the time that the life-boat was off on its mission, its progress was watched with eager interest by a large crowd of the townsfolk from the Gable-jark; and when it landed the wet and exhausted crew at the Victoria Harbour, the old walls rang again and again with deafening cheers. The crew of the vessel were taken in charge by Lloyd's agent, and kindly attended to. After the lifeboat had been launched, one more than the number of the crew was found on board; but Clements, the coxswain, faithful to the rules not to turn back, proceeded to the relief of the vessel, carrying with him the volunteer. This was done down very much in the afternoon, and, after a great deal of difficulty, the vessel was brought, by means of a steam-tug, into the new harbour about six o'clock on Friday night.—*Scotsman*

DROPPED FROM A STEAMER.—A gentleman belonging to Com. Angus, while on his way home from Rotterdam to Leith on the 9th of September, at noon, and when a boat one hundred miles from the mouth of the Rhine, enclosed his card in a bottle, penning on the back of it that he would pay a sum of money to any one who brought or sent the card to his address. The bottle, carefully corked, was dropped from the steamer *Holwood* about twelve o'clock noon of the 9th of September, and on Wednesday morning, the 11th of October, the gentleman received per post the identical note from a fisherman, who had picked it up on the shore near Sizel Gap, about seven miles north of Oxford, in the county of Suffolk. The bottle was found about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 5th inst. The gentleman at once transmitted the promised reward to the finder. It is somewhat remarkable that a promissory note placed in such a position should, within a month's time, be presented for payment.—*Dundee Advertiser*

DEATH OF MR. VINCENT WALLACE.—We deeply regret to announce the death of this eminent lyric composer on the evening of Thursday, the 12th inst., at the Oustau de Sagen, Haute Garonne, Pyrenees, whither he had been removed about a month before from Paris-Passy. Mr. Wallace has for many years been subject to intermittent and frequently dangerous attacks of illness originating in a dropsical tendency, and for the last twelve months has not been able to leave his bed. Reduced to extreme weakness by this long-continued confinement, accompanied with almost incessant bodily agony, which he bore with the most admirable fortitude, Mr. Wallace was advised by the eminent French physician, Dr. Boulland, to try the effect of the air of the Pyrenees. This was a last resource, and, as it has proved, an unavailing one. The medical men present on the sad occasion state the immediate cause of death to have been "congestion of the lungs." Mr. Wallace leaves a widow and two young boys. His most successful works were "Maritana" and "Lurline." He leaves a posthumous grand opera in four acts behind him, almost complete, entitled "Etruria," founded on a Spanish romance.—Mr. Wallace's favourite genre of operatic subject. The body will be brought to London this week for interment. This deceased gentleman was fifty-three years of age.—*The Orchestra*

ANNIVERSARY OF THE
BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

Even dear to England should be the name and memory of the gallant naval hero, Nelson, the anniversary of whose death and of the well-fought battle of Trafalgar occurs this day (Saturday). Sixty years have elapsed since the memorable event—the last great blow that was struck against the combined fleets of France and Spain, and which hermetically sealed the ports of both these nations. Never was a prouder triumph achieved by our brave tars; never did the navy of England gain more honour. Though several portraits of Nelson have been published, yet the one we now give is unique in its kind, and extremely characteristic of the brave admiral. It is from a painting by an Italian artist to the king at Palermo, after the battle of the Nile, when the court of Naples displayed so much gratitude to their brave preserver. Some years afterwards it was copied by H. Keymer, of Yarmouth, and in 1800 engraved by John Young, engraver to the then Prince of Wales. The anniversary of Trafalgar induces us to publish the portrait at this time. The position of the hat in the portrait may be accounted for by the cicatrice of the wound on Nelson's forehead being at the time too fresh to bear the pressure. On the 21st of October, 1844, her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert happened to be at Portsmouth, passing in the state-barge to the Clarence Yard, when her attention was attracted to the Victory, by the circumstance of her being decked out with flags as well as by her firing a salute. Her Majesty asked for an explanation of some of her attendants, and was reminded that it was the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar. The Queen immediately expressed her intention of going on board the Victory, to which the barge accordingly pulled, and to the surprise, and it may safely be added the delight, of both officers and crew, the foot of royalty was



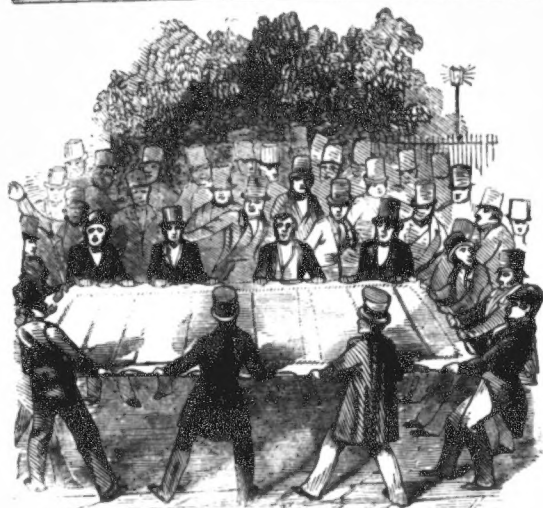
NELSON.

soon on the deck of the gallant ship. Her Majesty desired to be conducted to the spot where the great naval hero fell, which is indicated by a brass tablet, whereon was placed a wreath of laurel, either provided for the day, or kept in readiness on all occasions. The Queen gazed on the spot for some time in silence; at last she stooped down, plucked two leaves from the wreath, and placed them in her bosom. The event, touching in itself, and highly honourable to her Majesty's sensibility, must have been felt as a compliment to their profession by the gallant fellows by whom she was surrounded. The Queen then requested to be shown the spot where Nelson died; and on her way to it it is understood that her gravity was somewhat disturbed by the blue-jackets she encountered on her way, Jack being somewhat in dishabille, and, as we have stated, quite unprepared for the honour of the royal visit. The scene of this interesting event we have given below, from a sketch taken at the time.

SOMETHING LIKE A SHOT.—Mr. Adam Ledingham, gamekeeper to Mr. Simeon Keir, while out shooting upon the Lesmurdie moors, in this county, upon Thursday last, discharged his double-barrelled gun at a large covey of grouse that were flying past him, and brought down five out of their number. Mr. Ledingham, after loading his fowling-piece, saw another large pack of grouse flying in the same direction; and while they were in the act of passing he discharged both barrels among them and brought down twelve out of their number, thus killing in all at the two discharges seventeen fine, plump, strong grouse, making a hit in grouse-shooting that probably has no parallel in the annals of sport, more especially at this season of the year, when the grouse have such a coating of feathers upon their bodies as greatly defends them from the shot.—*Banffshire Journal*.



ON BOARD THE VICTORY.



THE LATE MR. BRAIDWOOD'S FIRE ESCAPE BLANKET.

FIRE ESCAPES.

SCARCELY a week passes without our having to record the loss of human life through the effects of fire, especially at a period when the ingenuity of man has been actively employed in inventing modes of preventing such disastrous results. In the metropolis we have a fire brigade under proper officers, and divided into districts. The men are dressed in frieze coats with scarlet collars, and a cap of the



THE LATE MR. BRAIDWOOD'S SCALING LADDERS.

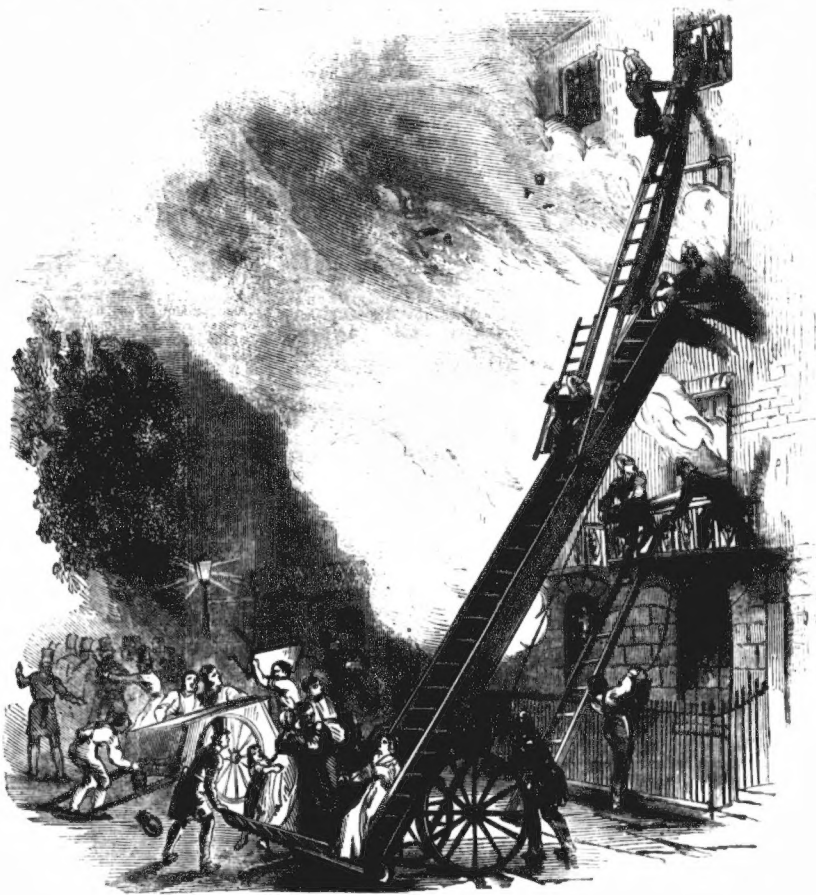
same material, and a number fixed upon the arm; when on duty they wear a stout helmet; and in two minutes from an alarm being given, they will have the horses out and the engine on the move from the station. In addition to this brigade there are the volunteer fire brigades, which have sprung up during the past five years. There is also the Royal Society for the protection of life from fire;



PATENT BALUSTRADE SAFETY FIRE ESCAPE.



ROYAL SOCIETY'S FIRE ESCAPE.



WIVEL'S FIRE ESCAPE.

worth, Lord Westbury, and Sir William Page Wood; and when the property in dispute is of considerable value, it may be worth while for a suitor to pay the expense involved in discussing the subject before a lawyer of the highest eminence. But the same question arises in every sphere of life, and in many cases the persons who happen to be interested are obliged to have recourse to some judicial tribunal. They cannot with safety settle the matter out of court. Almost every one is in business or has a little property, or has the good fortune to anticipate the period when a maiden aunt will die testate or intestate. Almost every man is a trustee or an executor, and unhappily the necessity of applying for legal advice is not so unusual as most of us could desire. Until the close of last session, however, the only court to which application could be made in such cases was the Court of Session. But now, thanks to Lord Westbury, the county courts have been clothed with equity jurisdiction and the rules under which these courts are to exercise that jurisdiction have just been published. They are signed by the Chancellor, and came into operation on the 1st of October. Henceforth if the amount of property involved does not exceed £500, the county court judge may administer whatever justice may be administered by the Lord Chancellor himself. It will no longer be necessary for creditors and legatees to go to Chancery—the estate of their debtor or of their testator may be distributed in the county court; and trustees, mortgagees, and partners within the limit stated will enjoy similar privileges. In short, the principles of the county court system have at length received that practical extension which they ought to have received years ago.

THE POPE AT ST. PETERS.

WITHIN Rome's great temple, supported against the last pillar on the right hand side of the nave, is a statue of the Apostle Peter, surmounting a pedestal four or five feet high. His right hand is raised in the act of priestly benediction, while the left grasps the well-known symbols of the Romish Power—two massive keys; the head wears the stolid expression peculiar to the early ages of ancient classic art; while the whole statue, though of bronze, has the appearance of old rusty iron. To Roman Catholics, of all countries, it is the chief object of veneration in the cathedral; none pass it without some movement of reverence, while the more rigid devotees kiss the toe of the exposed foot a several times, pressing their foreheads against it after each salutation, and passing their hands affectionately over it. Others, prostrating themselves in front of the statue, engage in prayer. The homage of kissing the foot of the statue has been frequently rendered by the Pope himself. Our artist has given an admirable delineation of this scene. Cardinals and other dignitaries of the Church are shown standing around during the ceremony, in which the emblems of clerical authority and military power are mingled, as usual, in strange contrast. French antiquarians assert that this alleged statue of the poor fisherman of Galilee was cast by Pope Leo X. from materials furnished by an ancient bronze statue of Jupiter Ictiophorus, while others maintain that it is the identical image, slightly altered, which the old Romans adored.

To show that this is at least possible, we may mention that an ancient bas-relief, a copy of which is appended to the accompanying picture, represents a scene in which a female is in the act of devoutly kissing the extended foot of an image of Jupiter, while behind her are two persons bearing censers in their hands.

The honours paid to the sainted bronze of St. Peter's endow the lasting integrity of at least one portion of the statue. The venerated foot has become, from the worship to it constantly receiving, much worn, and shines like silver. Some, indeed, assert that it is the third foot made for the image, in consequence of the wearing away of the two former, recalling to mind the words of Cicero, in his description of a statue of Hercules at Argentinum:—"That his mouth and chin were somewhat worn, because, in their prayers and thanksgivings, they were accustomed not only to worship, but to kiss them."

THE EXCURSIONIST.—SHREWSBURY.

THE ancient town and municipal borough of Shrewsbury is a favourite place of resort to those English excursionists who look at home for pleasant and picturesque scenes, instead of travelling abroad.

Shrewsbury is supposed to have been built after the Roman attack on Uxiconium had been destroyed in the 5th century. William the Conqueror gave the town and surrounding country to Roger de Montgomery, one of his followers, who built here a strong baronial castle, the keep of which still remains, being converted into a modern dwelling-house. In 1102 the castle and property were forfeited to the crown. Shrewsbury, from its situation close to Wales, was the scene of many border frays between the Welsh and English; and in 1277, Edward I. had his quarters here. On the 21st of July, 1403, a desperate battle was fought near the town, between the royal army, commanded by Henry IV., and that of the rebel Earl of Northumberland, under the command of the famous Lord Percy, surnamed Hotspur: the death of the latter, by an unknown hand, decided the victory in the king's favour; the loss on both sides was immense. During the wars of the Roses Edward IV., after the defeat and death of his father, Richard Duke of York, raised an army among the townspeople, with which he defeated the opposite faction at Mortimer's Cross. In the war between Charles I. and the parliament, the inhabitants warmly espoused the cause of the former; but in 1646 the town yielded to the parliamentary troops under Colonel Milton, and the fortifications were destroyed. Dr. Taylor, the learned editor of "Demosthenes," and the author of "Elements of the Civil Law," was the son of a barber of this town, where he first saw the light in 1703. It was, also, the birthplace of Dr. Burney, the author of the "General History of Music." The surrounding country is picturesque and highly cultivated, the plain extending every way for about thirteen miles, beyond which are lofty ranges of hills. About twenty-two miles from the town is Boswell House, where the Penderell family concealed Charles II. after his defeat at the battle of Worcester.

SCOTCH BULLS.—Two operatives were conversing the other day about a fine cemetery recently made in one of the most flourishing of our border towns. One of them, with whom the "new-fangled graveyard" was evidently no favourite, boldly, but amusingly, expressed his aversion to it in the remark, "I'll rather see than be buried in it." With equal disregard of the logic of facts, his companion, who held an exactly opposite opinion of the cemetery, retorted, "Well, if I'm spared in life and health, I'll gang anywhere else!"—*Edinburgh Courier.*

THE CHOLERA AND RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.—The head physician of the Paris and Strasburg Railway Company has posted special instructions in all stations on that line as to the precautions to be adopted in case of an attack of cholera. The company has, moreover, distributed among their employees boxes containing the medicine required at the first appearance of cholera; so that travellers and employees may find such remedies close at hand as are frequently sufficient to arrest the progress of the disease.

FRANKLIN'S ONLY.—Avoid the unpleasantness caused by the loss of a brace button, by fastening upon having your trousers fitted with BUSSEY'S PATENT BUTTONS, which never come off, and are fixed at the rate of five per minute. Patentee's Depot, 432, New Oxford-street, W.C. (Advertisement.)

The Court.

The visit of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Earl and Countess of Derby, at Knowsley, is definitively fixed for the 28th instant, and on the 31st the Prince and Princess will visit Liverpool.

On Friday week, the Queen left Dunkeld, where she had been staying with the Dowager Duchess of Athole. The *Dundee Advertiser* says:—"The last morning her Majesty remained at Dunkeld was, in many respects, the most interesting she had passed since her arrival. Her Majesty went through the town, made calls on several merchants, favouring them with many small orders, and having her purchases packed up and taken away with her; but her goodness of heart could not have been better manifested than when she stated that she would plant a tree at Dunkeld House before she left as a memorial of her visit. A fine specimen of the cedar Atlantica, about two feet high, was obtained, and a hole was dug to receive the root, close to the bowling-green, and a short distance from the house. Her Majesty, about a quarter to ten, accompanied by the Princess Helena, came out to the grounds, and having had a spade handed to her, placed the plant in the earth, and placed the soil round it. Handing the spade back to Mr. Muckle, her Majesty said, 'I think that will do.' She then retired to the house again. On Thursday night a general order was issued in the town, by the directions of her Majesty, that the whole of the inhabitants would be admitted within the grounds to witness her departure. The invitation was responded to in a very hearty manner. Long before the hour appointed for the royal guests to leave, the walks leading to the house were densely thronged, and the main entrance at the north end of the town was literally besieged. There could not have been less than 3,000 persons present, and the decorum and loyal spirit which prevailed were very becoming. On Friday morning, about ten o'clock, the duchess's own phaeton, drawn by four greys, with outriders, was brought up to the entrance to the house. The Queen afterwards made her appearance, dressed in a black riding habit, and the Princess Helena, who was with her, was similarly attired. The whole guard who had watched the house, and which consisted of eight men, was drawn up in front of the principal doorway, and when her Majesty, who was looking remarkably well, made her appearance, she bowed graciously in recognition of the services they had rendered. But before she took her seat in the carriage her eye alighted on a veteran whose appearance she thought she recollected. It is now some twenty-two or twenty-three years since her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince Consort, paid a visit to the late Duke and Duchess of Athole, and on that occasion guards kept watch as they have been doing this week. A man named William Duff—a stalwart Highlander of about six feet—in the employment of the duchess, and who was a comparatively young man at that time, had been engaged as a guardsmen. The Queen on her first visit received several photographs of this giant, and when she saw him on Friday she was convinced that he was the same individual who had acted as guardsmen. She beckoned that she wished to speak to him, and Duff walked up to her, and conversed with her for a few minutes. Duff having retired, the Queen and the Princess Helena stepped into the vehicle and took their seats in the back compartment. Her Majesty kept bowing first to one side of the approach and then to the other, and again and again the shouts of the assembled spectators were heard as the royal carriage neared them in entrance. At the gateway the crowd was very dense, and their feelings were evidenced in the most striking manner. For several miles along the road many spectators had gathered, and their kindly greetings were not overlooked by her Majesty, who kept acknowledging them as they were made."

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

The attendance on Monday afternoon was larger than we remember seeing for a considerable time. Settling occupied the principal part of the afternoon, and proceeded most satisfactorily, as is always the case when the jockeys have had the worst of it. The gentlemen mustered in great force, which gave a flip to the investments for next week. Gladstone was really backed at his quoted price, and retained the position of favourite which he gained on Saturday. Next to him in demand was Salpêtre, then Plover, and after these three a lot at nearly the same figure. Some outsiders were introduced at long prices, as an impression on our list of quotations will show; but, on the whole, taking into consideration the numerous attendance of back riders, speculation was not very brisk.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—9 to 1 agst Gladstone (off); 10 to 1 t. f.; 11 to 1 agst Salpêtre (t.); 12 to 1 agst Plover (t.); 20 to 1 agst The Duke (t.); 20 to 1 agst Wedding Post (t.); 20 to 1 agst Outrigger (off); 22 to 1 agst Sister to Drake (t.); 25 to 1 agst Outrigger (t.); 25 to 1 agst Gladstone (off); 25 to 1 agst Gouton (t.); 33 to 1 agst King of the Gait (t. to 60); 33 to 1 agst Gardavere (off); 40 to 1 agst Regalia (t.); 40 to 1 agst John Davis (off); 66 to 1 agst Lady Edith (t. to 75); 80 to 1 agst Na (t. to 100); 100 to 1 agst Merry Wife (t.).

THE PUBLISHER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.—An ancient music-publishing firm this week received an order from the midland counties for a libretto of "Satanella." The libretto was out of print, and the publishers wrote and said so, but received a reply urging them to endeavour to procure one. After some difficulty, incited by urgent appeals, the publishers managed to borrow a book of the opera, and sent it to their customer on loan, asking him to return it when done with. In a few days the book came back; the customer was obliged and quite satisfied. He was the owner of the mare Satanella, which had foaled; and he was desirous of naming the offspring after the name of the opera! Hence the anxiety of the artist's horse-owner. The disappointment to the publishers, who had anticipated a grand production of "Satanella" in the midland counties, and large profits accruing therefrom, may be imagined.—*Orcadia.*

A THIRTEEN "EXQUISITE."—A fashionable outfitter near the Liverpool Exchange, who looks up his shop and storerooms on Saturday night and spends Sunday in the country, was surprised one Monday morning lately to find that the premises had been entered and his choicest goods overhauled or removed. On making an examination, he found in one corner a heap of ragged garments, and it was evident from the fact of some of the "choicest things" in drawers, shirts, stockings, &c., being abstracted, that the thief had rigged himself out to the most delicate and costly style. From the way in which the place was tramped, he must have been there for several hours, and in order to make himself as happy as possible he had made himself coffee, and had smoked a number of fine cigars, which the proprietor kept for his own private use. So exquisite were the tastes of the visitor, that he did not consume more than an inch of each cigar, and threw the remainder away. The same principle of "sampling" was adopted with a box of the finest ready-made handkerchiefs, which, after being once used, were thrown in a corner and left there. In order to ventilate the room during his operations, the thief propped open the window with the ledger. After enjoying himself for some time he took his leave, carrying away a large quantity of valuable things. He has not yet been discovered.

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DISASTROUS BOAT ACCIDENT.

THE West India mail, which reached Southampton, brings news of a deplorable accident in Demerara. The *Cecile* of Georgetown, under date of September 20, gives the following details:—"The amusements and gaieties which have prevailed in town since the commencement of last week, in connection with the Barbadoes cricket, have been brought to a sudden and calamitous termination. It will be remembered that an announcement had been made of a trip in the steamer to the penal settlement, in order to afford the gentlemen from Barbadoes an opportunity of viewing the fine scenery of the Essequibo River district. The steamer *Berbio* left this river on Monday morning, with a party of thirty-nine, composed of the Barbadoes Eleven, several gentlemen of this city, and some seventeen officers of the *Aurora* and *Steady*, on board, reaching the settlement on the afternoon of the same day. Yesterday the party, after visiting Mr. Fawcett's wood-cutting establishment, prepared to shoot the *Rapid* (Carrabank). The arrangements were made under the directions of Mr. Comptroller Bagot; but it appears that his prudent instructions were not obeyed, and one of the most lamentable accidents that it has ever been our sad task to record has followed. There were two boats used for the purpose of shooting the *Rapid*. One of them was the *Lady Woodhouse*, belonging to the penal settlement, and capable, as Mr. Bagot knew, of carrying with safety only fourteen persons; but, we understand, while attention was turned away, parties crowded into her to the number of fifteen. The first boat succeeded in shooting the *Rapid* without any accident; but the *Lady Woodhouse*, which followed, was observed in her descent to broach to, it is supposed, from the paddle of the steamer catching into a crevice of the rock and in an instant she was capsized, and the twenty-one persons were struggling for their lives. In a stream like that, the water dashing over a precipice at the rate of some ten miles an hour, it may well be supposed that even an expert and powerful swimmer has but a poor chance for life, especially as when the accident occurred they were under the stern of the boat. Nevertheless, some of the parties struck out manfully, while their friends in the other boat were compelled to witness their struggles without being able to rescue them. Five of the gentlemen and two of the boatmen were drowned. The names of the gentlemen are—Captain Beresford, the son-in-law of his excellency the governor; Mr. B. D. Stewart, partner in the firm of Messrs S. A. Harvey and Co.; Mr. Rowley, second engineer of her Majesty's ship *Steady*; Mr. Lionel Parker, of the Post-office, Barbadoes, who accompanied the Barbadoes Eleven; and Mr. Christie, of the Georgetown post-office. The others were saved either by swimming, or by being dashed on the rocks. Mr. Frederick Smith, the captain of the Barbadoes Eleven, swam boldly for some time, and was afterwards picked up apparently dead, but has since revived. Mr. Stewart also, who was a good swimmer, struck out manfully for some time, but unfortunately exhausted himself by swimming against the current."

THE MURDER OF MAJOR DE VERE.—The last penalty of the law was inflicted upon John Currie, aged nineteen, a private in the Royal Engineers, who was convicted at the last sessions of the Central Criminal Court of the murder of his commanding officer, Major De Vere. The prisoner seems to have conducted himself in a most becoming manner, ever since his conviction. It will be remembered that it was proved at the trial that when the prisoner was accused of having fired the shot immediately after the dreadful event, he at once admitted that he had done so, and appeared to lament his guilt in what he had done, expressing a hope that he had killed the deceased. It is only due to the prisoner to state that this state of mind appeared to have left him, and he has on several occasions expressed his deep sorrow and repentance. It appears that Currie was most anxious to address a letter to the family of the deceased officer, expressing his sorrow for the act he had committed; but he was dissuaded from doing so, and he then wrote a letter to the same effect to the Rev. Mr. Elphinstone, the chaplain of the force at Chatham, requesting that he would communicate the feelings entertained to the family. The prisoner and his family are Presbyterians, and, although he has been visited by the Rev. Mr. Woolmer, the chaplain of the prison, several times, he has, at his own request, and also by the request of his father, been constantly attended by the Rev. Mr. Green, a Presbyterian minister at Mallow. That gentleman expresses a strong conviction that the reputation of the prisoner is sincere, and that he is not the hardened criminal he was at first represented to be. The culprit slept soundly, and was visited at an early hour by the Rev. Mr. Green, who conversed with him till the last moment. Shortly before twelve o'clock, Mr. Sandmore, the under-sheriff of Kent, arrived at the prison, and the prisoner was brought out, exhibiting great firmness. The rope was adjusted, and after a delay of five minutes the drop fell, and after a severe struggle the wretched man ceased to exist. But few persons were present, and no soldiers appeared on the scene, in consequence of an order that they should be kept in barracks.

DEATH IN A WINE VAT.—The *Courier du Gard* announces the death by accident of M. Urbain, mayor of Ales in that department. He had deposited a part of his vintage in a sort of cistern, the walls of which were supported by beams. wishing to ascertain the state of the fermentation, he placed a ladder against the wall and was leaning over the top, when one of the beams gave way, and he was precipitated to the bottom with a heap of stones and rubbish falling over him. His wife, who witnessed the accident, immediately gave the alarm, and the body was soon extricated, but life was extinct.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A CLERGYMAN.—It is our painful duty to record the sudden death of the Rev. John Hart, vicar of Odley. He was highly and well two or three weeks ago and went to Bedford for the benefit of rest, whence he returned on Friday last, apparently in his usual health. He rested on Sunday morning as was his usual practice, at six o'clock, and after spending an hour in his study he returned to his room to dress. He was suddenly seized with apoplexy, from which he never rallied, and expired about half-past twelve o'clock. It was his intention to preach both morning and evening in the parish church, where for twenty-eight years he has faithfully preached the Gospel.—*Leeds Mercury.*

A NICE LADY.—On Thursday, at the Brighton Police-court, a charge of drunkenness and assault was preferred against Ann Clarkson, thirty-one, the widow of an officer in the Indian army. This is the same lady who a short time since was charged before one of the metropolitan magistrates with assaulting two females while in a beastly state of intoxication, and the charge which was now preferred against her was under the by-laws of the railway company. She was at the Brighton Station on Wednesday afternoon, and while waiting the time for the departure of a train for London she lubbed freely, and literally stripped herself naked in the first-class ladies' waiting-room. With the exception of her stockings and one boot, she was as naked as on the day she was born. In this undressed state she behaved in a most disgusting manner, especially to two policemen, who were necessarily obliged to cross her by force, and upon one of whom she committed a most indecent assault. The bench fined her 40s., and costs for being drunk upon the company's premises, or in default of payment two months' imprisonment, and for the assault upon the officer she was fined an additional 20s. and costs, or one month's imprisonment in default of payment.—*East Sussex News.*

EXHIBITION. NATIONAL FACTORY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINES. For every home, and the school, cheap and best; doing every variety of Sewing and Embroidering with a superior machine. Ladies, waiters, and others, 12, Old Bailey, London, E.C. (Advertisement.)



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE TOWN OF SHREWSBURY. (See page 295.)



THE POPE AT ST. PETER'S. (See page 295.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S—Mr. Mapleson opens his operatic season at this establishment on Monday next. The first opera announced are, "Faust," "Fidelio," and "Don Giovanni." Weber's "Der Freischütz" will be presented on the 28th, with a strong cast, including Mdlle. Tildens, Mdlle. Sinico, Signor Stagno, and our unapproachable baritone, Mr. Santley. The opera, we hear, is to be mounted on the same grand scale as "Die Zauberflöte," "Fidelio," &c. Signor Arditi is again the conductor, and the chorus and orchestra will be, in every respect, perfect. Mr. Santley will play, for the first time in London, Don Giovanni; besides, Don Pizarro and Valentine, two characters in which he is without a rival. Mdlle. Tildens will resume her celebrated characters in the operas named, and play Agatha in "Der Freischütz." Siebel and Zerkine, of "Faust," and Mozart, will be personated by Mdlles. Sarcia and Sinico.

COVENT GARDEN—The Royal English Opera Company have issued their prospectus for the second season; and on the whole, we must consider it as satisfactory, though we miss the names of Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley. The season opens this evening (Saturday), with Meyerbeer's "Africaine," with the following cast:—Selici, Miss Louisa Pyne, Izuz, Madame Lemmonne-Sherington; Anna, Mrs. Aynsley Cook; Nelusko, Mr. Alberto Laurence; Don Pedro, Mr. Henri Corri; Grand Inquisitor, Mr. Aynsley Cook; Don Diego, Mr. Eugene Dasek; High Priest of Brahma, Mr. J. G. Pater; Don Alvar, Mr. Charles Lyall; and Vasco di Gama, Mr. Charles Adams. The next production will be "Ida," a new opera by Mr. Henry Leslie. The characters will be represented by Mdlle. Ida Gillies, Mdlle. Cornelia, Mrs. Aynsley Cook, Messrs. J. G. Pater, Henri Corri, W. H. Cummings, Charles Lyall, Aynsley Cook, Eugene Dasek, and R. Arthur. Mdlle. Ida Gillies is from the Paris Conservatoire, and makes her first appearance in English opera. She is a pupil of Aubert. Mr. W. H. Cummings makes his debut on the stage on this occasion. At the close of December we are promised a new opera by Mr. Charles Duffell, in one act, entitled "Christmas Eve," the principal characters to be sustained by Madame Florence Lancia, Mme. Emma Heywood, Mr. David Miranda, and Mr. Aynsley Cook. In "Lalla Rookh," by M. Felicien David, the characters have been assigned to Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Florence Lancia, Messrs. Henri Corri, Charles Lyall, Aynsley Cook, and Henry Hagh. In addition to the above, "If time should permit, another work, new to the English lyric stage, by either a native or a foreign composer, will be placed before the public." We are also promised Aubert's comic opera "Le Domino Noir," with no doubt Miss Louisa Pyne as Angela. The cast of Gounod's "Mock Doctor" will be the same as last year, with the exception that Miss Leillier will be substituted for Madame Fanny Huddell in the part of Jacqueline. Mdlle. Ida Gillies will make her debut as Elvira in "Masetto." The ballet will include Mdlle. Danhat-so, Mdlle. Montero, Mdlle. Borrelli (from La Scala, Milan, her first appearance), Mdlle. Pansoldi (from Marseilles, her first appearance), Mdlle. Carey (from the Theatre Royal, Stockholm, her first appearance), Mdlle. Keta, Miss Lisa Weber, and Miss Rachel Sanger (her first appearance); with a strong array of male performers, in which figure the names of Messrs. W. H. Payne, Harry Payne, and Fred Payne. The orchestra and chorus will be composed of the Royal Italian Opera, and we need hardly add that Mr. Alfred Mellon will remain at his post of conductor. Mr. Edward Murray has been appointed as acting manager. A grand Christmas pantomime concludes the bill of fare, which pantomime, we are informed, "will exhibit no lack of the gorgeousness and picturesque beauty which won for that of last year so high a rank in public estimation."

DRURY LANE—We have no alteration to record in the performances here, "Macbeth," and "Othello" still occupying the bill; but these will be withdrawn on Friday next, when "King John" is to be revived "on a scale of great magnitude."

HAYMARKET—The engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews has caused the greatest delight to the habitués of this favorite house. After the opening farce of "Easy Shaving," Mr. Charles Mathews has nightly appeared in his celebrated character of Sir Charles Coldstream, in "Used Up." The part is still sustained by him with all the vigour and force of former years. Mr. Howe appears in his original part of John Ironbrace; while Miss Nelly Moore appears for the first time in the character of Mary, the Seward's niece, in which she has displayed great simplicity and grace. We need scarce add that all the other characters are played with that perfection so characteristic of the daymarket performances. Mr. Planchon's extravaganza of the "Golden Fleecy" has afforded ample scope for the talents of Mrs. Charles Mathews in the part of Medea, and in which she has acquitted herself with the same success as she did in the character two years since. The clever Leclercq family bring the performance to a close with a Spanish divertissement entitled "Fans and Fandangos."

PRINCESS'S—Mr. Vining has successfully combated the ebullition of feeling against the prison scene in Mr. Rade's drama of "Never Too Late to Mend." A slight modification of what was termed "the horrible" has alone taken place, and the very scene itself now rivets the utmost attention. The house is crowded nightly.

SADLER'S WELLS—During the past week, Miss Marriott and Mr. James Bennett have appeared in a varied round of characters. "Macbeth," "Richard the Third," "The Gamester," and "The Lady of Lyons" were produced with every mark of appreciation. With this week closes the engagement of Mr. James Bennett, who has worthily maintained his reputation during a short season. When his other engagements have expired, he is certain of a cordial welcome back. Last evening (Friday) was announced for his benefit, when "The Lady of Lyons," the dying scene from "Henry the Fourth," and "John Jones" were performed. In the latter Mr. J. W. Wray appeared.

ST. JAMES'S—Miss Herbert commenced her season here on Saturday evening last, under the most favourable auspices. During the recess, everything has been done by way of tasteful embellishment and general renovation; while the company comprises many whose names stand high in the profession. The new drama produced for the occasion was an adaptation, by Mr. John Brougham, of Miss M. A. Braddon's novel of "Only a Clod," bearing the title of "Caught in the Toils." The story abounds in excellent situations, which have been carefully taken up. Our space will not permit of a detail of the plot, which is too full of interest to be curtailed. Mr. Walter Lacy, who was warmly received on his appearance, has a part admirably suited to his forcible and vigorous style of acting. In look and action, his Frank Fredehym, is a life-like representation of the author's character, given in her novel. Miss Herbert, too, has scarcely ever appeared to greater advantage than in the part of Jane Desmond. Her beauty and statuesque grace are brought into strong contrast with the vindictive speeches and evil passions which she has to depict. Mr. Frank Matthews, Mr. Bolton, Mr. F. Charles, and Mr. A. Dyes have characters well suited to their several abilities; as have also Mrs. Frank Matthews, Miss Collins, Miss E. Bolton, and Miss Wentworth. The scenery, by Mr. T. Grive, is exceedingly effective. Both Mr. Walter Lacy and Miss Herbert have been honoured with nightly recalls. The succeeding piece of "A Thumping Legacy" has afforded Mr. F. Robson scope for those talents which every now and then strike out so prominently, and as being peculiarly like those touches of his late father.

BRITANNIA—A new Irish drama, from the pen of Mr. O. H. Hazlewood, was played on the occasion of Mr. W. R. Cranford's benefit, a short time since, and so successful was its production that it has been produced every evening since. The scene is laid in the time of the Irish rebellion, and the plot chiefly describes the efforts of Masha Merry, a villainous Celt, and a reputed "fairy man," to implicate Cornelius Brophy in the treasonable practices of the "Barrymount Boys." Masha cherishes designs of vengeance on Brophy, because the young man's father once horse-whipped him by mistake, and gave him a crown piece as a consolation. This coin the fairy man cast into a ballet, intended for Brophy when opportunity serves. The sign of leadership among the rebels is the ace of clubs, which Masha persuades Brophy will be respected by the fairies, and bring all kinds of blessings upon the possessor. A sharp-witted young Irishman, named Ony, the Omsadoun, knowing Masha's plot, persuades Dorah M'Alany, Brophy's sweet heart, to take the card out of his pocket. This is done, and the card is transferred to the pocket of Brian O'Clancy, the real leader of the "boys," who accompanies Colonel Laveny, Captain Singleton, and Lieutenant Muegrave as accuser of Brophy. The card is found on O'Clancy, who is arrested by the English officers. Ony meets Masha in Glencoil, and is overpowered by him. Captain Singleton is also set upon and saved from drowning after a fight by Ony. Masha now devises another scheme, and, visiting O'Clancy, persuades him to tell the Colonel that treasonable papers are to be found in Brophy's house. They are discovered (having been deposited by the fairy man), but Colonel Laveny, suspecting treachery, allows Brophy to go out on bail for a week, the Captain and Lieutenant being answerable for him. He is, however, persuaded by Ony to break his parole and come at himself in an old worked-out mine. From this he escapes when attacked by two of the "boys" who are sent to murder him. Dorah is a prisoner in the vaults under the Abbey ruin, the Captain and Lieutenant being also captured by the gang, and confined in the adjoining cell. They all escape, but Dorah again falls into the power of Masha. In the last scene, shown in the engraving on our first page, she is thrown, or throws herself, into the water, but, clinging to a rock, is saved by Cornelius Brophy, while retribution falls upon Masha Merry. Such is the simple plot, which, however, is full of incident. Mr. Drummond and Miss Miles play the lovers with their usual intelligence, and Mrs. S. Lane gives the droll sayings of Ony with the utmost point and spirit. Mr. Reynolds makes a coarse portrait of the cunning and vindictive old peasant, and Mr. E. Harding must be commended for his quiet but significant acting as O'Clancy. Mr. Cranford performed the kind-hearted Captain with earnestness. Mr. Rogers, the scenic artist, deserves the utmost credit for the tableau Glencoil by moonlight, the Farm-house of Brophy, and Pont a Doul (the Demon's Pool). Mr. Muir's Distant View of the Abbey is also a well-painted scene. A string of Irish melodies is heard through the drama, which is placed upon the stage with the usual care observable at this well-known and highly popular Establishment.

THE GENERAL ENTERTAINMENTS are now nightly well patronised. The Christy Minstrels, and Professor Anderson, at St. James's Hall; Colonel Stodard, with new and startling illusions, at the Egyptian Hall; Gourlay's Scotch Caricatures, at the Polygraph Hall. The Polytechnic, Madame Tussauds, &c., equally secure in public support. The Music Hall, too, are increasing in attraction, and nightly fill almost to overflow.

CRYSTAL PALACE—At the usual afternoon concert on Saturday last, some disappointment was felt by a numerous assemblage congregated there. Selections from "L'Africaine" were to be given; but, at the last moment, the Royal English Opera Company gave notice such could not take place. Other pieces had, therefore, to be substituted. This day (Saturday) Handel's serenata "Acis and Galatea" will be performed with augmented band and chorus.

THE NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY, under Mr. G. W. Martin, commenced its weekly meetings at Exeter Hall on Wednesday evening last.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S "OPERA DI CAMERA" still attracts highly delighted audiences at the Gallery of Illustration. MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL commenced their comic and musical entertainment at the Egyptian Hall on Monday evening last.

DEATH BY DROWNING IN THE RIVER DART—An inquest was held on Saturday at the Bridge Inn, Totnes, to inquire into the death of William Porter, who was drowned by falling into the river Dart on Thursday evening week. David Peake said he had been in deceased's company on the Thursday evening at the Steam Packet Inn. Deceased came into the inn about eight o'clock, and drank a share of a pint of beer with Joseph Salter, with whom he came in. Witness left with the deceased at a quarter to nine o'clock, and proceeded to the Albert Inn, at Bridgetown, where they remained for an hour, and drank a quart of cider. They left the Albert Inn about ten o'clock, and witness and deceased went to a boat which was lying at Bridgetown Quay. The deceased was going to sleep on board. The boat was a little way off the quay, and witness took the rope to fasten it, and deceased was on the gunwale of the boat. One of the planks of the boat was missing, and witness asked deceased to jump out. Deceased asked him to catch hold of his hand, but before he could do so the unfortunate man fell overboard. It was very dark, but witness saw deceased in the water, and ran out to save him, but being unable to swim could not reach him. He then called for assistance, and three sailors came, but deceased had sunk for the last time, and they searched for him and eventually picked him up. The deceased was then conveyed to this inn, where the doctor tried means of restoration, which were unavailable. The deceased was a little worse for liquor. There was no one near the deceased that could have struck him. The coroner having summed up the evidence, the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

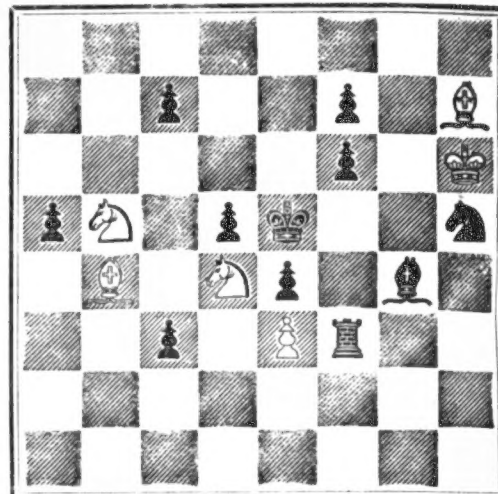
TWO BOYS LOST IN THE MIST NEAR WEARDALE—On Wednesday morning two boys belonging to Joseph Featherstons, of White Hills, near Iveshope Burn, Weardale, went out to play. One of them was seven years of age, the other three years. Some strange dogs being near the house were followed by Mr. Featherstone's dog, which the children followed in their turn in order to bring back. The children went on to Iveshope Moor, where they became bewildered and enveloped in the dense mist which had covered these moor lands for many days past. They were first missed by their parents about eleven o'clock, when search was made for them, but without success. The search was prosecuted during the night by almost all the inhabitants of the dale, and 100 or more men traversed the Moor with lights until two o'clock next morning, but their search was unsuccessful. The search was resumed at daylight next day, when the poor children were found miles from home, just on the borders of Langdon Common, in Teedale, when, strange to say, after such a awful night of rain, they found the oldest boy alive, lying on the arm of his little brother, who was dead. They had never ceased walking until they arrived at the place where they were found, when the younger boy was so exhausted that he was compelled to lie down. His elder brother tried to comfort him and keep up his spirits, telling him that his father would be coming to help them, which manifestations of affection and courage were kept up even after the poor child was dead. The elder boy was much exhausted, but is likely to recover. The event has produced a deep feeling of sorrow in the district.—*Northern Express.*

THE old vessel *Nawset*, wrecked off Cape Cod, in 1626, and since then covered with sand and a meadow, has lately been washed off by the sea in a good state of preservation.—*New York Sun.*

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 303.—By A. D. L.

Black

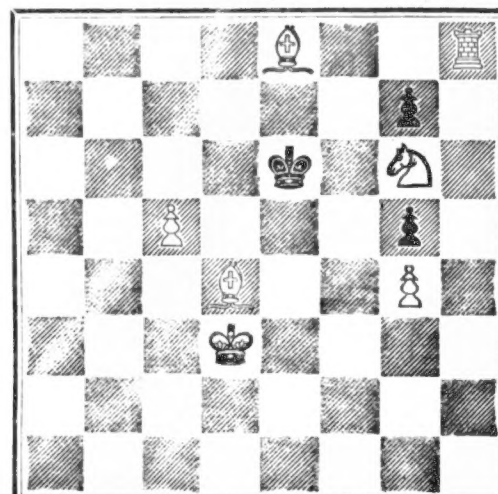


White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 304.—By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.

Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in two moves.

Games between Messrs. J. and W. T. Pierce.
No. 1. King's Gambit.

White	Black
Mr. W. T. P.	Mr. J. P.
1. P to K4	1. P to K4
2. P to K B4	2. P takes P
3. B to B4	3. P to K R4
4. Kt to K B3 (a)	4. Kt to Q B3
5. P to Q4	5. P to K Kt4
6. P to K R4	6. P to Kt5
7. Kt to Kt5 (b)	7. Kt to R3
8. B takes B (at B5)	8. Kt to R4 (c)
9. B takes B P (ch)	9. K takes B
10. Kt takes Kt	10. K takes Kt
11. Castles	11. K to Kt square
12. Q to K2	12. Kt to B5
13. Q to Q3	13. P to Kt4
14. Q to Q Kt3	14. Q takes R P
15. Q takes P	15. Kt to Kt3
16. P to Kt5	16. Q to Kt6
17. Q to K B5	17. B to K Kt2
18. Q to B7 (c)	18. K to R2
19. R to B6 (d)	19. Q to K B (ch)
20. K to R2	20. P to Kt6 (ch)
21. K to R3	21. P to Q4 (ch)
22. K to R4	22. Q to B8 (ch)
23. K takes P	23. Q to K8 (ch)
24. K to R2	Resigns.

(a) A very injudicious move, which gives him a bad game from the outset.

(b) The game is now resolved, by a somewhat circuitous mode, into a form of the Allgauer Gambit, in favour of the first player.

(c) Had he played instead P to K B3, White might have Castled with a grand attack.

(d) Well conceived. This forces the game, do what Black may.

G. R.—The removal of the Pawn in the Problem to which you allude, would open the door to a second and inferior method of mating.

J. BARLIN—Neither of the Problems with which you have been so good as to favour us, is sufficiently difficult for publication.

F. YOUNG—The best opportunities for improving your play, are obtainable at the Chess Divan in the Strand.

R. RICHMOND (Madras).—We duly received your letter, but the promised batch of games has not yet arrived.

A STRIKE WITH A VENGEANCE.—Some of the recent letters from Rome have mentioned a singular circumstance as likely to take place in that city, namely, that the inferior clergy, who are paid for saying masses for the dead, are about to refuse continuing their task until they receive a more liberal rate of payment; or, in other words, think of having recourse to the vulgar expedient of a strike. Should such an extreme determination be acted on, the pious persons who have faith in paid prayers will not be able, at any price, to get a mass celebrated for the repose of the souls of the friends or relatives whom they deplore, and the churches of the Eternal City will be as deserted as were the streets of Paris when, some months back, deprived by the cabmen's coalition of the circulation of its public carriages.—*Calcutta.*

SAD STORY OF A LONDON OUTCAST.—Thomas Prent, a respectable-looking young man, was placed at the bar before Mr. Woolrych, charged with assaulting and robbing a poor, destitute girl, and attempting to commit a criminal assault upon her. The complainant, a poor, miserable-looking woman, on oath, said she was without relation to the prisoner. Some time ago she had wandered the streets and slept in the various union workhouses. About one o'clock in the morning after she had partaken of some coffee at a table in the Blackfriars-road, the prisoner came along, side her, and when she had crossed the road and was going to the union he stopped her, and wanted her to go with him for an immoral purpose. She refused, when he seized hold of her and pushed her down a passage. He then attempted to commit a criminal assault upon her, but she screamed "murder" and "police." He put his hand over her mouth to prevent her from further calling, but she struggled hard with him and got away. He then ran back and seized her, and ran away with her shawl and handkerchief. She followed him for a short distance, but he got away. Having made a police-constable give information to him, and shortly afterwards she saw the prisoner in custody. On one day to Mr. Woolrych, she said she perceived at what time years ago, and since then she has been in a prison in Newgate-street. She left there with fever, and was taken to the hospital. After she quitted the latter she could not obtain another situation, and having no friends, she was compelled to roam about the streets by day and sleep in workhouses. Brunoeman, the master of the casual ward of St. George's Workhouse, who was in court on other business, said he knew the girl as using their ward for the last four months. She had just come from the Fever Hospital on the first occasion and he took more care of her than he did the others. He did not believe there was anything against her character. Police-constable 318 said he was on duty in Great Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road, about nine o'clock in the morning, when he heard a female screaming "murder" and "police" in George-street. He proceeded in that direction and heard two women running. He went in pursuit, and he overtook the female in Great-street, and said to him that a man had attempted to violate her and had run away with her shawl and handkerchief. She then proceeded with her in the direction of the Blackfriars-road, when they met the prisoner in Robert-street, and he immediately pushed him on as the man who had committed the outrage on her. The prisoner denied it, and said she must have been mistaken in the man. The girl however swore that he was the man and he sustained the description he gave of him exactly. The poor girl was recalled, and in answer to the magistrate, said she had never been in trouble or in prison in her life, and was willing to work, provided she could obtain a situation. She wanted clothes, and was completely destitute. The prisoner denied the charge altogether. He said he had just left his brothers in Great-street, and never saw the female before she came up to him and tried to get into his trousers. He had no witnesses to support his allegations. He said that he had not a present, but he doubts he could produce them if he had. The girl and Mr. Woolrych remained in court, and directed the girl to be taken care of in the magistrates' St. Saviour's Union. Some inquiries could be made about her in St. Saviour's was true something must be done for her to save her from ruin. The poor girl thanked his worship, and left the court with the workhouse official.

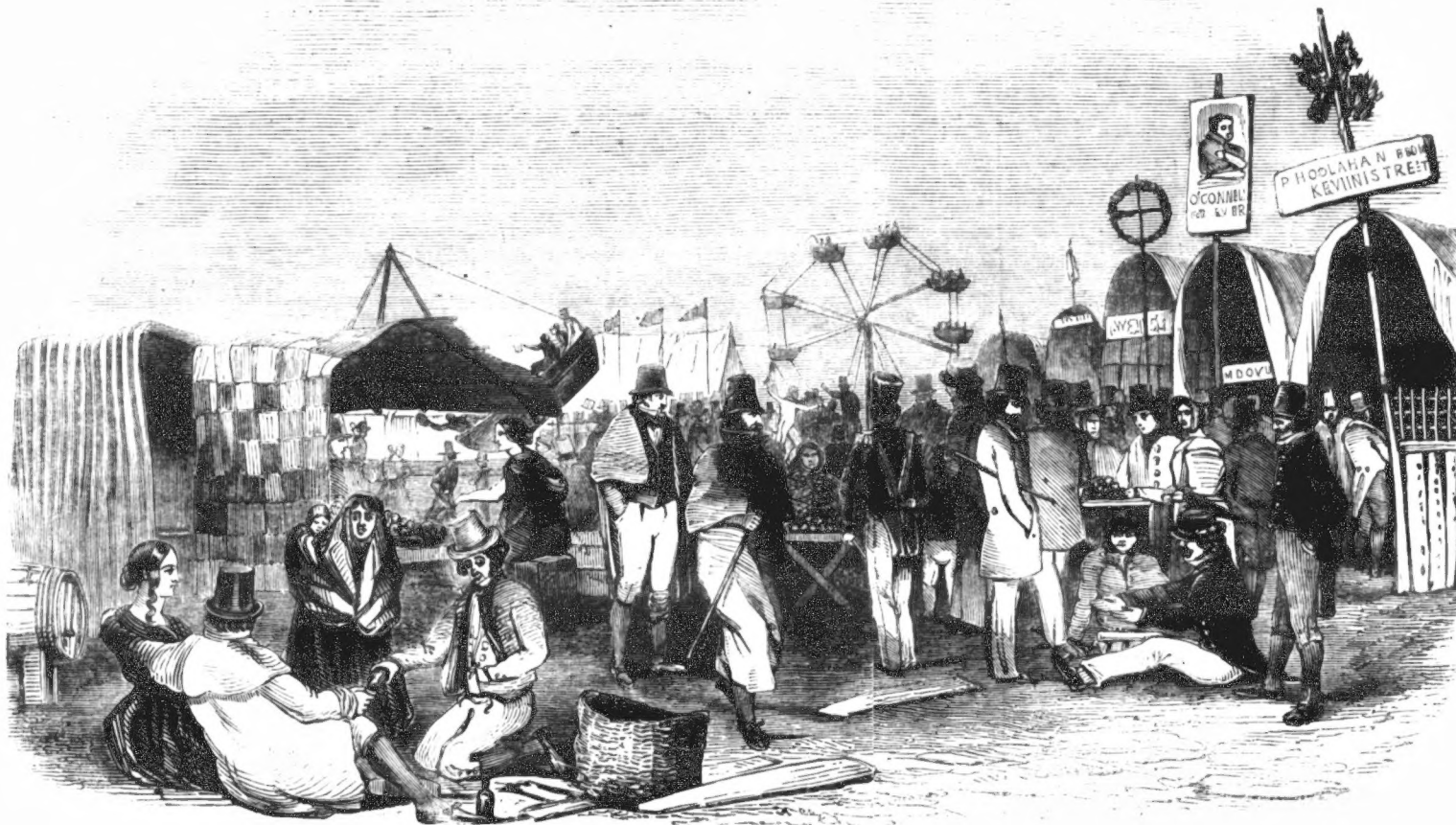
SKETCHES FROM IRELAND.



A BETTER-CLASS BEDROOM. (See page 301.)



INTERIOR OF A BETTER-CLASS CABIN. (See page 301.)



DONNYBROOK FAIR.

SKETCHES IN IRELAND.

We have elsewhere given further particulars of the Fenian movement in Ireland. We now present our readers with two sketches of Irish interiors. Both of these represent the better class of Irish dwellings, though there is the same characteristics of the pig and the poultry occupying the "parlour." The bed-room scene shows Pat in deep meditation. Is he contemplating joining the Fenians, or is he considering that the supply of potatoes at his bed's head is but a scanty provision for the approaching winter? It may be both questions, however, which are now puzzling the brain of poor Paddy. We must leave our readers to put their own construction on his thoughts. We are satisfied in introducing him as a genuine sketch of a somewhat elderly "broth of a boy."

DONNYBROOK FAIR.

In an air to this moment popular in Ireland, and not unfrequently sung in English music-halls, the inquiring world is informed that the sons of Erin are to be seen "in their glory" at Donnybrook Fair only; the said glory consisting in a tendency to greet a friend with personal violence in the best spirit imaginable. Melice and hatred are "not to be found" in the heart of a gentleman who sports a sprig of shillelagh and a neat Barcelona by way of an opera tie. He commits the assault out of pure love, fighting comes into the same category with drinking and marrying; and no girl (small compliment to their discernment!) is able to resist his attractiveness.

Alas for the blessings of intemperance!—alas for the honours

and glories of Donnybrook!—Father Mathew fairly extinguished the ancient spirit of good-humoured discord and brutal friendliness. The fair is as stupid and orderly, as decent and moral as a fancy mart for evangelical pincheons. The shrines at which the rude and violent worshipped, and before which the inebriate incessantly prostrated themselves, are deserted. Neither St. John's Well nor the Brook present the scenes for which they were once so gracefully remarkable. A great change has come over the social character of the Irish, and the grand locality of their ancient saturnalia presents the most striking evidence of the wholesome transformation. The Donnybrook Fair which opened last week, and of which we give an illustration above, passed off even more orderly than some of our English fairs.

Literature.

THE MYSTERIOUS SKETCH.

[From "Chambers's Journal."]

NEARLY opposite the church of St. Sebald in Nuremberg stands an ancient inn, narrow and lofty, with an indented gable, small dusty casements, and the roof surmounted by a plaster image of the Virgin. Many years ago, when beginning the world as a young artist, I took up my abode in this quaint hostelry. I had come to Nuremberg in order to study the works of the old masters; but, my funds running short, I was obliged to take portraits—and such portraits! Stout old ladies, each with her cat on her lap; rosy burgomasters, wigged and cocked-hatted, all plentifully and impartially illuminated with ochre and vermillion.

At length this resource began to fail; and mine host, who at first had been all civility, began to importune me in a somewhat insolent manner for the amount of my bill. One evening as I was passing up stairs to my attic, Master Rapp called after me: "Hallo! youngster, when are you going to pay me? Your bill now amounts to one hundred and sixty florins, ten kreuzers. Pray, when am I likely to see the colour of your money?"

I muttered some sort of indistinct reply, and hastening to my room, locked the door, and threw myself, dressed as I was, on my bed. Revolving my miserable position in my mind, all the genuine feeling for art, all the high aspirations after excellence which had hitherto buoyed me up, seemed to forsake me, and a sordid, hungry craving for money took their place. At length my eyes grew heavy, and my thoughts confused, and I slept profoundly for some hours. About two o'clock, I awoke in a strange sort of excitement. Having lighted my lamp, I seized a piece of paper and a crayon, and drew a rapid sketch, in the Dutch style, feeling all the time as if the composition was not mine, but as if each stroke was suggested by some one, who merely used my hand and pencil as unconscious and unresisting instruments. The sketch thus traced represented a gloomy court, surrounded by lofty but crumbling walls, which were furnished with large hooks at the height of seven or eight feet from the ground. On the left was a trellis of lath, through which one saw an ox cut in quarters, suspended by pulleys from the roof of a shed. Streams of blood flowed across the pavement, and met in a trench filled with refuse and rubbish. At one end of the court was a cart-house, through the open door of which were seen a pile of wood and some bundles of straw. Pieces of ragged rop, an old hen-coop, and a broken rabbit-hutch littered the foreground. On the right, one corner of the sketch remaining blank, I hesitated what to put there; something seemed to move, to hover around it. Suddenly a foot turned up and detached from the ground appeared to my mind's eye. Following the inspiration, I sketched on rapidly, but beneath my crayon grew a leg joined to the foot, then a floating garment, at length the entire figure of an old woman, pale, emaciated, with dishevelled hair, thrown down against the low parapet of a well, and struggling against a hand which clutched her throat.

I was drawing the scene of a murder; the crayon fell upon my hand. I shuddered as I looked at the woman's face, contracted by

terror, while both her hands convulsively grasped the arm of her murderer. But his face, I saw it not, it was hidden from me as by some veiling shadow—I could not finish the sketch.

"I am fatigued," I said, passing my hand over my damp forehead; "to-morrow I will finish the design; there remains but that one figure to put in."

Hastily undressing, I went to bed, and before five minutes had elapsed, I was sunk in a profound slumber. When I awoke, it was broad daylight. I hastened to dress, and was preparing to resume my task, when I heard two knocks at the door.

"Come in!"

The door opened, and a tall old man, dressed in black, stood at threshold.

"Herr Heinrich Kapff, the painter?" said he.

"At your service, sir."

He bowed his head, and said, introducing himself, "Baron Frederick von Spreckdahl."

That the rich amateur Von Spreckdahl, who was also judge of the criminal tribunal, should condescend to visit my poor attic, was indeed an unlooked-for event. I cast an embarrassed glance at the mean, scanty furniture, the low ceiling, and the worm-eaten flooring; but my visitor seemed to pay no attention to these details. Seating himself near my table, "Herr Kapff," he said, "I come—"

At this moment his eyes fell on the unfinished sketch, and he gazed at it fixedly for several moments.

"Are you the author of this drawing?" he asked, looking at me with the same attention which he had bestowed on my work.

"I am, sir."

"What is its price?"

"I do not sell my sketches; it is merely a design for a painting."

"Ah!" said he, taking up the paper delicately with the tips of his long, yellow fingers; and with the aid of his eye-glass, he studied the sketch closely.

A ray of sunshine entered obliquely through the small dormer window. Von Spreckdahl's long nose became more hooked, and his thick eyebrows contracted, lending a sinister expression to his lean, wrinkled face. The silence was so profound, that I heard distinctly the plaintive buzzing of a fly caught in a spider's web.

"And the dimensions of this painting, Herr Kapff?" said he at last, without looking up.

"Four feet by three."

"Its price?"

"Fifty ducats."

My visitor laid the sketch on the table, and drew from his pocket a long, well-filled purse of green silk. "Fifty ducats," he repeated; "there they are."

And throwing down the pieces, the baron saluted me, and was gone, before I had sufficiently recovered from my amazement to utter a word of thanks. I heard his walking-stick strike on each stair as he descended, and I ran down quickly after him. But when I reached the door of the inn he was already gone; I looked up and down the street, but he was not to be seen.

"Well, this is odd enough," I muttered; and having remounted the five flights of stairs, I sat down at the table, brightened by the unwonted gleam of gold, and resolved to finish the sketch without delay; a few more touches of the crayon were all that was required.

But these few touches, try as I would, I could not give. I had lost the clue to the design; the mysterious personage would not come out of the limbo of my brain. It was of no use to draw and efface, and draw again, and retouch; the creature of my pencil was as discordant with his surroundings as one of Raphael's figures would be in a village alehouse by Teniers. I threw down my crayon in despair, and the perspiration stood in large drops on my forehead. At that moment Rapp opened the door, and entered abruptly: he stood transfixed at the sight of the pile of ducats.

"Ha! ha! I have caught you, master painter," he cried; "tell me again that you have no money!"

Enraged at the man's look and inopportune entrance, I suddenly seized him by the shoulders and dashed him violently outside the door. The landing-place was very narrow; he missed his footing, and rolled down several stairs, shouting, as he bumped along, "My money, you rascal—my money!"

Retreating into my room, I looked and double-locked the door, while bursts of laughter from the other lodgers saluted Herr Rapp's downward progress. This little adventure roused me: I resumed my crayon, and was in the act of making another attempt on the impracticable corner of the sketch, when a clash of arms grounded on the pavement opposite caught my ear. I looked out of the window, and saw several policemen, fully armed, stationed, and keeping guard outside.

"The old villain, Rapp," I thought; "can he have met any serious injury?"

Confused voices, and heavy steps mounting the stairs: my door was violently shaken.

"In the name of the law, open!"

Trembling, though I scarce knew why, I obeyed. Two muscular hands instantly grasped my collar, and a fat little man in green uniform, who smelt strongly of beer, came close to me and said, "Heinrich Kapff, I arrest you."

"For what crime?" I inquired, as I recognised the chief of police.

"Come along," he cried roughly, and made a sign to one of his men to handcuff me.

Resistance of course was useless. I was effectually secured, and conveyed down stairs by some of the party; while the others ransacked my room in every corner, prodding the furniture, and turning over on the floor my poor wardrobe and other scanty possessions. My captor thrust me into a covered carriage, and two of the men entered after me, and took their places one on each side.

"What have I done?" I inquired again.

"Hans," said one of them to the other, with a sour smile, "he asks what he has done!"

Soon a dark shadow enveloped us, as the carriage rolled under the gloomy archway which leads to the Rapped Hans, or city prison. The gaoler, with a grey woollen cap on his head, and a short pipe betwixt his lips, received me from my conductors, and having silently introduced me into a cell, looked and barred the door, and left me to my reflections.

The room was small, but tolerably clean, and the walls being newly whitewashed, presented no inscriptions or drawings, save a rude sketch of a gibbet, probably executed by my predecessor. It was lighted by a small window, nine or ten feet from the ground, and the furniture consisted of a bundle of straw and a bucket.

The quaint old market on which I looked offered a gay and varied spectacle. The peasant-women in their Bavarian cost were seated behind their baskets of eggs, fruit, and vegetables; their cages filled with poultry; butchers with naked arms

Mr. JOSEPH EVERETT who expired last week at Greenhill worth a quarter of a million of money. Mr. Everett, who formerly a banker at Westminster, had made no will.

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